

Oak Park, Ill.

Saturday night. Jan 25/96

My own dear loving Grace, -

Your Wednesday and Thursday night letters came together as a greeting for me at noon lunch this bleak Saturday. - You did encourage me and was so glad to know all you say about your friendly acquaintances? -

Do not worry about the hospital matter, it will develop itself but will do nothing until I hear again from you and then can only apply, for all else will be as if nothing were done, until appointments are made, - and then I shall either have a chance, to refuse or accept

or not be considered, but
for the present will go
right on as if this had
not come up. —

As I walked down to the
Institute tonight I went ^{with} your
dear father who always
lifts me up. He was in the
best of spirits and was greatly
pleased with the "Home Letters" in
which you so pleasingly
described Madame Caffiani.

My dear, it is so close
to Sunday that my pen
is a little shaky, — so will
talk again with you tomorrow.

Good night, and a Saturday
night kiss for my Sunshine —
from your own, Claire.